

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULT'U' WITH CARE."

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NO. 1123

VIRTUOUS LOVE REWARDED.

A TALE.

BY MISS WINDHAM FOOT JAMES.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER V.

Miss Julia received, in answer to the letter which she sent to Clementina, another to the following effect:

"My dear Miss Julia will excuse this laconic answer to her very obliging epistle, the contents of which has exculpated the inconceivable conduct of her brother; but my time is wholly engrossed in attending my father,—yes, dear madam, I am now blessed in a father and a brother; but the former has been unfortunately thrown from his phaeton, and ever since has been in a perilous situation. He now requests my presence, therefore adieu!"

"CLEMENTINA."

"P. S. The first opportunity, hope you will extend your morning's ramble to the farm."

The enthusiastic pleasure which glowed in the noble breast of A. J. J. whilst he perused these lines, transcends description. Accompanied by his lovely sister, he went as soon as possible to the farm. They were pleasantly surprised at finding that the humble orphan Clementina was the daughter of the Earl of Orton, late the Hon. Maximilian Henderson. This gentleman disobliterated his father by marrying a clergyman's daughter, whose only portion was her beauty. His lordship was so greatly incensed, that he never saw him afterward. At his death he bequeathed to him not a shilling, but left the whole of his immense property to Lord Henderson, his eldest son. This nobleman was of an arrogant and parsimonious disposition: the former quantity caused him to despise an indigent brother, the latter to amass wealth which he was unwilling to make use of.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson resided with Mr. Girth, the father of the latter, who in fact was their only supporter. The death of this gentleman, which happened about four years after Mr. Henderson's union with his lovely Isabel, was the greatest affliction to them, and they were reduced to the most trying extremities. In vain did Mr. Henderson write to supplicate assistance of his haughty brother, who in ostentatious splendour sat on the ocean of life; while, on the contrary, poor Maximilian was driven every moment by adverse winds among the shoals of affliction, and frequently threatened to be swallowed to the gulphs of misery. The delicate health of his amiable wife declined daily; but, in the midst of these distresses, she, under a smiling and cheerful aspect, endeavoured to conceal the increase of those maladies which were undermining her fragile frame. Often, when from the presence of her afflicted husband, she wept at their sad destiny, and sighed:

"O! that I were laid in the peaceful grave
With my poor parents, and at rest as they are!"

But when she gazed upon her smiling infant, and little hisping boy, she recalled what she had inadvertently uttered, and wished to live. Frequently would the prattling Horatio, when he beheld her drowned in tears, run to her, saying, "Do not cry, dear mamma; we must, as papa says, hope for better days; and then, you know, you tell me there is a world beyond the grave, where, if we are good—and I will try to be good, mamma—we shall all be happy, and where we shall meet grandpapa; therefore do not cry, dear, dear mamma."

Mrs. Henderson but a short time coped with those difficulties, which are so often found to cheer this mortal state:

"Her exulting spirit, purified by pain,
Released from thralldom of its mortal chain,
Congenial spirits sought, and kindred skies,
Where tears are wiped forever from all eyes!"

Mr. Henderson was infinitely grieved at the loss of his Isabel; and, in the height of his despair, he, with his eldest son, set sail for foreign climes, leaving his infant daughter Clementina in the care of a faithful domestic. At Jamaica he became agent to a rich planter, who, being much pleased with him for his probity, and facility in the management of his affairs, took him into partnership; and, at his death, left him the whole of his immense fortune, which amounted to three hundred thousand pounds.

Surrounded by luxury and prosperity, Mr. Henderson thought not of his angelic daughter. He once desired an acquaintance, who was coming to England, to make inquiry concerning her; but, as it was many years after that Mary Adams had left the village of H****, he could obtain no intelligence of her. When Horatio came to years of maturity, hearing that in all probability he had a sister in England, he was continually importuning his father to leave Jamaica, and embark for Abion's delighful shores. Mr. Henderson at last consented; and to use the words of that great genius, the immortal translator of Homer,

"They soon were wafted o'er the rolling main."

At their arrival in London, Mr. Henderson found that his brother was recently deceased. His lordship having left no issue, consequently Mr. Henderson succeeded to the title and patrimony.

Accompanied by his amiable son, his lordship repaired to the village of H**** to seek his daughter. But he could gain no other intelligence but what the gentleman whom he commissioned to inquire had previously received. His sorrow and disappointment rendered him absolutely miserable; and he declared, that, if he could not find Clementina, he would return to Jamaica. In disconsolate grief and dejection with an intention of returning to the town of S****, he drove along the road. A faithful black servant, who was fallen fast asleep, was with him in the phaeton. Lord Henderson proceeded on horseback. As the

earl passed Ashton's dwelling, Clementina, who was walking in the garden, engaged his attention.

"What a striking resemblance," thought his lordship, "does that young person bear to my ever to be regretted Isabel! It must certainly be my long lost child Clementina!"

Whilst he thus ruminated, he unconsciously let the reins fall from his hand, and, having passed the garden, turned to take a retrospective glance of the interesting stranger. The horses, now finding themselves at liberty, set off with amazing celerity, and, bounding over a part of the road that rose almost perpendicularly, overturned the carriage, which was uncommonly lofty. The earl was dashed to the ground with great violence, and thrown many yards distant. The commotion awakened the poor black from his slumber: seeing that his master lay apparently insensible, he began, in the most piteous accents bewailing him as dead. Ashton's house being the only one that was near, his lordship was carried thither. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who pronounced him to be in imminent danger. He had received many contusions, and, though he spoke, was nearly insensible. The amiable Clementina, and the worthy Mrs. Ashton, endeavoured to render every assistance; but, whenever the former approached him, he exclaimed, "do not thus pursue me, Isabel; I have sought, but cannot find her."

Lord Henderson, hearing Mr. Ashton call the beautiful stranger by the name of Clementina, asked, if she were her own daughter? The good woman, in reply to his interrogation, stated the account of the death of Mary Adams, and every incident concerning her. His lordship's joy at hearing her detail was unbounded: "Oh! dear madam," said he, "how infinitely are we indebted to you! for the amiable orphan whom you have brought up with such tender care, is no other than my dear, my long lost sister!"

This intelligence was communicated with the utmost caution to the earl, who often inquired if his daughter were found?

To Clementina all appeared an illusion, a dream. She attended her father, who would not suffer her to go from his sight, with the most unremitting attention.

Lord Henderson and Mr. Cleveland became very great friends; nor was his lordship inattentive to the lovely Julia.

When this amiable young lady and her brother returned home; they apprised their father of every circumstance concerning their much loved friend, and her esteemed relatives. Ferdinand, who was in the room at the time, and who had been laughing over a letter which Raymond had sent to him, on account of Emily's marriage with Lord Bolton, at hearing their account, sunk, in stupid astonishment, upon the sofa, whilst the diverting paper fell unregarded from his hand. Raymond's letter was as follows:

"Sir,

"I told yesterday that your dear sister—I say your dear sister, because I shall ever

love her—is marry'd. I always feared that titled gentleman, thoug you always tolled me not too; but you now see, ser, that I am the wisest. I 'ud offer myself to your uther sister, onely I don't like her quarter so well as dos Miss Emele, Lady Bolton I shud say. I, ow ever, are disappointments; and, too-morrow wick, for hall the laff of the world, I shal bee marryed to Pheebee. Hope too axe the plesure of your company at weddin. I remain,

"Sir,
"your servent,
"MARK RAYMOND,"

(To be concluded in our next.)

PATRIOTIC TEA-DRINKERS.

Soon after the commencement of the American War, when it was again permitted to use the 'nefarious stuff,' as Tea had been called in the vocabulary of patriotism, the price of that article was limited by law. Some of the traders boarded up their tea with a view to a higher price at a future day. In this state of things, about a hundred women collected in Dutchess county, in the State of New-York, and marched to the house of Col. Brinkerhoff, at Fishkill, insisting upon having tea at the lawful price of six shillings per pound, and compelled that gentleman to accommodate them with a chest from his store for that price. He then sold his cargo to some Yorkers, who, apprehensive of another Amazonian attack, put the 'stuff' afloat in the North River, but the ladies planted guards on each bank of the stream. In another instance, a number of women having collected together in order to purchase some tea of Alderman Lefferts, who asked a most exorbitant price, and having offered nine shillings a pound which was one third more than the 'continental price,' proceeded to actual seizure. Three gentlemen passing by the house where they assembled, the ladies when they saw them, sallied out of the house, and intreated them in the most humble manner to assist them. The gentlemen, (very unpolitely) refusing to assist, obliged the ladies to use the means of force. After confining the gentlemen under guard (and they served them right) they proceeded to the choice of a committee of three, and then chose a clerk and weigher, and then proceeded to open the boxes, and served out the tea, receiving the legal price of six shilling for each pound, which the *Lady Committee* remitted to the General Committee of the county.

This was something like the sad time of female distress mentioned by Isaiah the prophet. In that day even women shall take hold of one man saying, We will eat our own bread (drink our own tea) and wear our own apparel, only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach. *Freeman's Journal*

B. DE GURDON AND RICHARD I.

When Richard I. was on his death bed, (having been mortally wounded by an arrow, by one Bertram de Gurdon) the archbishop of Rouen, presuming upon the privilege which a death bed gives to clerical intrusion, and insolence (this is spoken only of the Roman Cergy and not all of them) advised Richard with whom he had several sharp disputes to put away his three daughters. 'Daughters, replied the king, why you know I have none.' 'Yes, said the Prelate, you have three, Pride, Covetousness and Luxury.' 'Then said Richard, that I may dispose of them where I know they will be cherished, I leave my Pride to the Knights Templars, my Covetousness to the Cistercians, and my Luxury to the Prelates.'

A little before he died, he sent for Bertram de Gurdon the person who had wounded him, who, being brought into his presence, Richard demanded of him what harm he had ever done to him that he should take away his life? The other, with an amazing fortitude and composure of countenance, replied 'You, with your own hand, killed my father and two of my brothers, and you would have killed me likewise, had it been in your power—you may now, when you please glut your revenge; but know, that I shall endure with cheerfulness the worst torments your cruelty can devise, were I but assured that I have been the happy instrument of freeing the world from so bloody and mischievous a tyrant.'

The versification of the annexed translation of Mrs. Radcliffe, is the performance of an obscure uneducated country boy. It is certainly a very brilliant specimen of uncultivated genius; and many a master poet would be proud to own this production of an humble apprentice.

Columbian.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

By Mrs Radcliffe.

'CALL up the spirit of the ocean! Bid him raise the storm! The waves begin to heave, to curl, to foam. The white surges run far upon the darkening waters, and mighty sounds of strife are heard! Wrapt in the midnight of the clouds, sits Terror meditating wo. Her doubtful form appears and fades like the shadow of death when it mingles with the gloom of the sepulchre, and broods in lonely silence. Her spirits are abroad—they do her bidding. Hark to the shrieks the echoes of the shores have heard'

(VERSIFIED)

Spirits of the stormy deep!
In your caves no longer sleep!
Bid the slumbering billows roar,
And the winds be still no more!

Hark the dreadful voice they hear!
It forbodes the tempest near;
Starting at the threatening sound,
The dark blue waves roll wild around!
Loud on the craggy rocks they beat,
Now rise, now fall now part, now meet;
The foaming surges mounting high,
Far on the darkening waters fly,
And while the storm increases fast,
Borne distant on the howling blast,
Dread sounds, commingled, chill the waves,
And louder still grim Horror raves.
Wrapt in the midnight of the cloud,
Concealed within her sable shroud,
Sits Terror, meditating wo,
In awful accents muttering low!
Now dim her doubtful form appears,
(While shuddering nature starts and fears)
Now fades along the darksome gloom,
Like shadows o'er the dead man's tomb,
When mingling with the awe profound,
They watch, in silent state around.
Her spirit on the midnight air,
To do her dread commands prepare—
While echo to the farthest shore,
Bears on the gale the thundering roar!

OMNIA METIT TEMPUS.

The harvest is over and gone,
The noon of the year, it has passed—
This wrings from my bosom a moan,
That time flies so rapidly fast,
Forever has gone half the year!
His sun is approaching the west,
And whispers my soul to prepare,
A safe, a true 'Mansion of Rest.'

Late bloomed the young roses of May,
Dispensing to x her their sweets,
Now scorched by the vertical ray,
They droop under midsummers heat,
A lesson emphatic to all,
Though gaily as roses they're drest,
Give heed, O! my soul to the call,
Prepare a safe 'Mansion of Rest.'

The summer's declining space,
Soon autumn will rear his pale head,
Thus ages to ages give place,
Soon others will rise in our stead,
Since time flies so rapidly fast,
Oh! look unto Jesus's breast,
When millions of years shall be past,
I will be safe a 'Mansion of Rest.'

When every thing has left us, Hope abides by us to the last.

FRAGMENTS.

As evening's rattle in a solitary and romantic spot, must awaken the sensibility and reflection of every contemplative mind. When the world is shut from our view, and the noise and bustle of the day has given place to rest and quiet, and we retire to a solitary and romantic spot, then the gratified mind, struck with the pleasing contrast, expands itself, and rises from things terrestrial to those celestial. It is in these reflective moments, sacred to solitude and religion that the most heart-cheering thoughts are originated;—the world recedes, and the Eternal and his works alone occupy our attention. The soul brightens, the powers of our minds seem expanded beyond their usual limits, and a heavenly serenity diffuses itself thro' our whole system. How superior is the happy cheerfulness of such a moment, to the gay and noisy hilarity of a convivial party—the first partakes of heavenly serenity, the latter of gross and delusive enjoyment.

If you possess that faith which emanates from the force of love, it will work by love, and scatter around you the peaceful fruits of a serene conscience and renovated heart. Placid serenity, and chastised cheerfulness, best shew the sincerity of the Christian. If Hope can brighten our features by its pleasing but uncertain promises, Faith in the certainty of happiness hereafter, must surely do more. It should, methinks, animate the countenance with a heavenly expression of gratitude, love and joy.

—What a fool is a rogue, and how widely do they miss the mark they aim at—comfort, ease and enjoyment. For the sake of the trifling pleasure of purchasing a few luxurious and unnecessary baubles, or gratifying their vicious pursuits, they forfeit their own esteem the sweetest balm in the cup of existence—they become the wretched slaves of the corroding fear of detection, which poisons their pleasures, and adds poignancy to their pains. The struggle, the mental struggle of crime with conscience, distracts them with a misery which they cannot fly, with a remorse which embitters their every stolen enjoyment. 'Honesty is surely the best policy' in every point of view, and I had infinitely rather endure the trifling regret for lost property, than be possessed of the money and conscience of the self-deceived purloiner.

When we reflect upon the vicissitudes of fortune which nations undergo, there appears to be something in them like divine retribution—and in no instance has this been more signal than in the recent calamities which have overwhelmed the Spaniards of Europe. If the Incas of Peru, or the race of Montezuma could after centuries of death, revisit the world they would be amply gratified for the cruelties they suffered from Cortez and Pizarro, by the horrid ravages of the French in the Peninsula—The fate of Charles the fourth and Ferdinand, is not very much unlike that of the aboriginal princes of the southern part of the American continent. Cortez seized Montezuma in his palace, and Pizarro followed the example in relation to the reigning Inca, Bonaparte imitated these plundering conquerors, and laid violent hands upon the whole royal family of Spain, beating them off from Madrid to captivity in France.

With respect to the essential equity of these several transactions, we see no particular difference. The one party being Indians and the other Spaniards, cannot alter the case—and, if any thing, we should decide that the fate of the Indians was the worse, because their subjugation and massacre was not so immediately (if at all) necessary consolidation of the power of the then sovereign of Spain.

ANECDOTE.

An Irish Gentleman having a party to meet at a tavern, exclaimed, on arriving (finding the room empty) 'So I am first after all!' The waiter informed him that he was mistaken that his friends had been there but were gone. Very well, returned the Irishman, then I have made no mistake, for as they were all here before me, surely I was right in saying, 'I am first After all.'

Remark. When you are at another person's table, never call for bread, beer, or wine, in an authoritative manner,

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1810

The city inspector reports the deaths of 31 persons, of whom 14 were men, 7 women, 6 boys, and 4 girls, viz. Of apoplexy 2, burnt 1, consumption 2, convulsions 2, debility 1, bilious fever 1, remittent fever 1, typhus fever 2, infantile flux 1, inflammation of the brain 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, liver disease 2, locked jaw 1, old age 2, sprue 3, teething 1, and 1 of suicide by laudanum

William Smith, a free black man, late steward of the sea-Island, a regular packet between this port and Savannah, was executed on the South common near Savannah on the 8th inst. pursuant to his sentence, charged with inveigling and carrying out of the state a black woman and her child, contrary to the laws of Georgia. We do not know whether the original thief, who stole this woman from her family and friends, and reduced her to a state of slavery, was present at the execution; but such a circumstance is not improbable. *Merc. Ad.*

Extraordinary Robbery.—On Tuesday night about 11 o'clock an old gentleman, who resided in the neighbourhood of Manchester Street, was sitting in his front parlour, no other person being in his house, he was extremely alarmed by the sudden appearance of a man, with a black crape over his face. The terror of the old gentleman was considerably increased by the man not speaking, but repeatedly making a noise like the barking of a mastiff dog. The robber opened the back parlour door, and beckoned to the old gentleman to follow him, which he refused. The robber then shook him by the shoulders to induce him to go.—The old gentleman still refusing, the robber forced him into the back parlour, pointed to an iron safe, and made signs for him to open it. The old gentleman not complying, the robber proceeded to take the keys from him; and, in the scuffle, the old gentleman fell over a chair, and a table fell upon him, which cut open his nose, broke his shins, and bruised him in other parts of his body. The robber appeared to know the keys of the cabinet, and proceeded to unlock it, and took out 3 gold watches, 3 gold snuff boxes, several diamonds and pearl rings, and other trinkets, to the amount of four or five hundred pounds; then, after giving the old gentleman several severe blows, he took the candle, left the room, and locked the owner in. After sometime the old gentleman recovered himself, opened the window, and gave an alarm to the neighbourhood, no other person being in the house. The neighbours were obliged to have recourse to a ladder, and got over the yard-wall, and then broke open the doors. It could not be ascertained by what means the robber gained admittance into the house, but it is supposed by the area; that it is strongly suspected that the robber was a servant who had formerly lived in the family, and that to prevent his being known by the old gentleman, he wore the crape over his face, and avoided speaking a word, but only expressed his approbation or disapprobation by making a noise like the barking of a dog. *London Paper.*

The following anecdote is extracted from a very interesting account of the late insurrection

in the Tyrol, by Major Muller, one of the deputies from that country to the British government.—"Among the prisoners who were taken at Wegscheide, was the son of Commandant Speckbacher, only twelve years of age, who when ordered by his father to retreat, would not comply till he had shot the Bavarian General, who was riding along the front of his army. The youth and bravery of this boy having attracted the notice and admiration of the enemy's officers, he was presented to the King of Bavaria, who asked him, "will you shoot any more Bavarians?" The youth, with all the bluntness and intrepidity which characterize his country, not only replied in the affirmative, but added, "and you too, if you come to the Tyrol." *Lon. Pap.*

Louis Bonaparte's Wife.—A short time ago her mother was an Empress, and her husband a King; now her mother is divorced, deprived of her rank, and banished; and her husband has abdicated his throne, and fled from his dominions.

The following is an extract of a letter from Wm. Jarvis, Esq. our Consul at Lisbon, dated Lisbon, August 1, 1810.

"Among these scenes of warfare and blood, ever attentive to the interest and welfare of my country, I have profited of an opportunity which has offered by the Junta of Estremadura's selling the confiscated Cabanas of Merino Sheep they had in their possession, and purchased two thousand of the best blooded sheep in Spain, Paulers and Aquines, and have already shipped twelve hundred to the different ports in the U. States; and am in hopes to ship the rest within 8 days.—Among my shipments are 220 to Baltimore, to the address of Gen. Smith, from whose patriotism I anticipated his taking charge of them with pleasure. To Alexandria I have shipped 50, to Norfolk 70, to Richmond about 140, and shall make another shipment to Virginia of about 160. In undertaking so large a purchase I have been greatly stimulated by the example which government always affords of doing every thing within their power to promote the well being of our country. The British minister purchased nearly seven thousand, and they were considered of sufficient national importance to dispatch transports immediately to take to Great Britain six thousand of them. About three thousand of them have been sent to England by private individuals."

CISTERNs

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FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS. FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

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Window Blinds of every description for Sale. Old Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner Cisterns made, put in the ground, and warranted tight by C. ALFORD, No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

DURABLE INK, FOR WRITING ON LINEN with a pen for sale at No. 3, Peck-Slip.

COURT OF HYMEN

WHERE souls congenial sentiments expand, How blest, how happy must the union prove! Alice delighted with the mutual band, Hug the sweet chain—and only live to love.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. John Keating, to Miss Eliza Ogilvie, both of this city

On Thursday last, at the Friends Meeting House in Burlington, New-Jersey, Mr. Richard M. Smith, to Miss Susan Collins, daughter of Isaac Collins, formerly of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, Mr. Samuel Woodsorth, Printer, (author of some well-written pieces of Poetry, which have appeared under the signature of SELIM), to Miss Lydia Reed, both of this city

New proofs of love he still impress,
As he through life may lead her;
Nor Critic's stir disturb his breast,
If he can please his Reader.

TYPE.

MORTALITY.

How weak is man to Reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment in the next we die

DIED.

On Monday morning of a consumption, at the house of Mrs. Barry, Mr. John Mackay, a native of Scotland, but lately of Trinidad, from which he came for the benefit of his health

On Tuesday morning last, in the 21st year of his age, Mr. Daniel Hurley, Printer, of this city

At his residence in Monmouth county, New Jersey, Gen. James Cox, one of the members of the house of Representatives of the United States

At Sandy Hook, on the 18th inst. Miss Sarah Friskney, late of this city

On the 1st inst. at the Social Circle, Bulloch county, Nicholas Anciaux, Esq. aged 67 years. He was a meritorious officer in the service of France, when the American Revolution broke out; at which period he came over and joined the Legions of our country to assist in obtaining its independence, he served from the commencement to the termination of the arduous struggle—at the expiration of which, he married and settled in this state. His principal residence has been in this city until within a few years past, when he removed to the county of Bulloch, where by his example and industry, he improved the agriculture, and increased the wealth of the same

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SAM SCRAGGLE AND RACHEL ROSS;

OR, LOVE AND DESPERATION,

A COMIC SONG,

Written by the Editor of the Independent American
and sung by Mr. Jefferson at the Theatre, Wash-
ington City.

A tailoring wight SAM SCRAGGLE WAS,
Of Washington's wide city;
And RACHEL ROSS he lov'd because
This RACHEL ROSS was pretty.
Love's a delicious thing, you know,
It makes one feel all over so.

But RACHEL ROSS did not love him,
Which griev'd him very bad y;
His eyes in tears of wo did swim,
And sorrow sunk him sad y.
How much do people undergo,
From wounds of Master Cupid's bow!

Like his own needle did the dart
Prick him his left ribs under;
His gizzard it did swell and smart,
As if 'twould burst asunder.
Ah! love's a wounding thing, you know,
It makes one feel all over so.

His heart was hotter than his goose,
As still he thought about her,
'I see,' he cried, 'it is no use,
For I shall die without her.
Never was creature troubled so,
Since Noah's flood long time ago.

In Georgetown TOM the BUTCHER dwelt;
And he was one of twenty;
And RACHEL might wishes felt
To have fresh meat a plenty.
Love's very pleasant food, you know,
But beef and lamb are better, tho'.

Now jealousy had seiz'd SAM;
Which like the grave is cruel,
Says he, 'I don't care a damn—
'I'll kill 'em in a duel.'
For those that love will fight, you know,
And SAMUEL's courage proves it so.

But Tom the Butcher, having fired
A loaded pistol never,
Had choice of weapons, and desired
To fight Sam with a cleaver.
'The man that's challeng'd, you know,
With what he likes may fight his fo'.

But Sam would only fight with ball—
And so that matter ended—
He then went to the capitol,
And to the top ascended.
Oh lord! how desperate did he grow!
How strange that love should work him so.

He tho't he down himself would throw,
But feared he'd after rue it;
And folks would all laugh at him so,
He swore he would not do it—
Indeed much wisdom it doth show,
To look before you leap, you know,

Some warlike birtl, he ask'd for—
A naval station gain'd—ed:
He went and join'd the marine corps,
To cure what him so pain'd—ed.
For very well did Samuel know,
That if he died, he'd—stop his wo.

A cold now Tom the Butcher took,
Which soon a fever bro't on,
And life, next Thursday him forsook,
'Twas what he had not tho't on.
A cold's a very bad thing, you know;
By cough, or fever, pop we go,

Sam Scraggle then to Rachel said,
In sober doleful ditty:
'Since Tom the Butcher now is dead,
Won't you on me have pity?
For Samuel Scraggle did not know,
What change her mind might undergo.

'Says she 'I'll never be your wife;
'So don't you ask me, prithee.
I would not have you—'pon my life,
And eight more taylor's with you.'
The ladies always love to show
Their cruelty to men in wo.

Then grievous—ly did Samuel grunt;
Grew sick, and hourly sigh—ed;
But got fore long the better on't,
Or else—he might have di—ed,
When love begins to better grow,
'Tis not so bad to bear, you know.

Rachel in time, did change her mind,
Lest she should die a virgin;
To marry Sam she felt inclined;
Indeed was very urging.
'That love's capricious this doth show!
What changes doth it undergo,—
Pray, ladies han't you found it so?

Says Sam 'I won't in great disdain—
Lord how was she surpris'd—
She laun't—too late—that tailoring man
Are not to be despis'd—
Love's a strange kind of thing I trow,
It makes one feel all over so,
It moveth us all to and fro;
It wounds the high and smites the low,
As Bonaparte's march doth show;
And in old wife's sad overthrow;
And Rachel's unexpected wo—
And Samuel Scraggle's pride—also.

JOHN I. VANDERPOOL,

LATE PARTNER TO JAMES M. SMYTHE,
Respectfully informs the Ladies of this city, and
his friends in general, that he has taken that con-
venient stand at No. 101, Greenwich-street, very
near Rector street where he intends to carry on the
Ladies' Shoe Making, in all its various branches, in
the neatest and most fashionable manner. The pub-
lic may depend upon the strictest attention being paid
to their commands. The subscriber's long and un-
interrupted attention to the business to upwards of ten
years in the first shops in this city he hopes will en-
title him to a share of the public patronage.

Like-wise Gentlemen may have Boots, and Shoes
made in the most fashionable manner and at the short-
est notice.

J. I. Vanderpool intends to keep none but the very
best materials and workmen which will enable him
by strict attention to give general satisfaction. La-
dies and Gentlemen by sending their messages
shall be personally attended to at their respective
houses, and their orders thankfully received and ex-
ecuted with the strictest attention, being determined
to spare no pains or exertions to merit the favours of
a generous public.

August 13

1122—tf

REEVE'S WATER COLORS IN BOXES,
Of various sizes, just received, and for sale Cheap,
N. S. PECK SLIP.

SCHOOL.

The Subscriber wishes to inform his patrons and
the public that he has commenced School at No. 313
Water-Street, near New-Ship, and teaches the art of
Penmanship upon the latest and most approved plan
and professes to equal any; and has introduced an en-
tire new plan of teaching Spelling and Reading
whereby Pupils will in three months, acquire more
correct knowledge therein than they possibly can in
six months by any other plan or means hitherto used.
Encouragement, at which, and the other branches of
English Literature is earnestly solicited. The strict-
est attention will be paid to order and the civil de-
portment of the pupils, by W. D. LAZELL.

New-York June 2

1111—tf

CARBONIC OR CHARCOAL DENTRIFIC

CHYMICALLY PREPARED

BY NATHANIEL SMITH,

Wholesale and Retail Perfumer, at the Golden Rose
No. 150, Broad-Way, New-York.

Among the various complaints to which the human
body is subject, there are perhaps, none more uni-
versal than those of the Teeth and Gums, and though
there is no immediate danger yet they are often both
very troublesome and extremely painful. The teeth
being that part of the human frame by which the
voice is considerably modulated, without considering
what an addition to beauty a fine set of teeth are, that
any person sensible of these things, must undoubtedly
wish to preserve them.

Nathaniel Smith having made Chymical Perfumery
his study for thirty years in London and America, be-
sides his apprenticeship has had an opportunity of
gaining great information on this subject and others
in his line, the Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrific, Chy-
mically prepared, Smith would now offer the public,
is of a superior quality for whitening the teeth and
preserving the gums fastening in those that are loose
making them firm and strong preventing rotten and
decaying teeth from growing worse, and prevents se-
vere and acute tooth aches; it takes off all that thick
corrosive matter and tartary substance that gathers
round the base of the tooth which it sufficed to re-
main, occasions a disagreeable smell in the breath
eats the enamel from the teeth, and destroys the
gums.

Those persons who wish to have the comforts of a
good set of teeth, are particularly requested to make
use of Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrific, chy-
mically prepared as it can be warranted not to con-
tain any of those acid and acrimonious substances
which only create a temporary whiteness, but in the
end destroys the enamel occasions severe pains and
rotteness of the teeth; these with many other in-
conveniences which arise from bad Tooth Powder,
are entirely removed by using Smith's Carbonic or
Charcoal Dentrific chymically prepared.

Nathaniel Smith has taken the greatest pains to
have the materials of the best quality and made in
the most skillful manner, for those things when made
by unskillful hands, greatly injures what it was at first
intended to adorn.

N. Smith has this dentrific particularly made under
his own inspection.

40¢ per box.

March 10

1099—tf

S. GARDETTE SURGEON DENTIST,

Has the pleasure to acquaint the Ladies, and Gen-
tlemen of this city, that he is returned from his Sum-
mer Tour, and has resumed the practise of his pro-
fession, as heretofore, at No. 26 William-street, near
ly opposite the Post Office.

The celebrity he has gained, in his method of ex-
tracting teeth, is sufficiently known so as not to re-
quire his saying any thing on that subject; he will
only observe, that such Teeth or stumps of Teeth, as
are considered by many too difficult for extraction,
he gives his positive assurance of being able to re-
move with a slight degree of pain.

He remedies the loss of Teeth, by replacing
artificial ones, from one tooth to a complete set, on a
principle that renders them, not only useful, but ac-
cure and undecipherable in appearance.

Factor which is the principal destroyer of Teeth
should be removed with the greatest precaution
for which reason, S. Gardette has provided himself
with Instruments, the invention of the celebrated LA-
TOUCHE of PARIS, that are perfectly safe, and an-
swer the desired purpose.

His anti-septic Elixir and Dentrific for the
teeth and gums, may be had as above.

PLAYING CARDS.

Best American, and English Playing Cards,
by the Pack, or doz'n,
For sale at No. 3, Peck-slip.

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANN